MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS

No.11 Dec 26th 1979
Every Thursday 12p

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

Comic Strips! Features! Pin-Ups!

THE STORY OF THE SILURIAN MONSTERS!

ALSO–

DOCTOR WHO
IN THE CITY OF THE DAMNED!

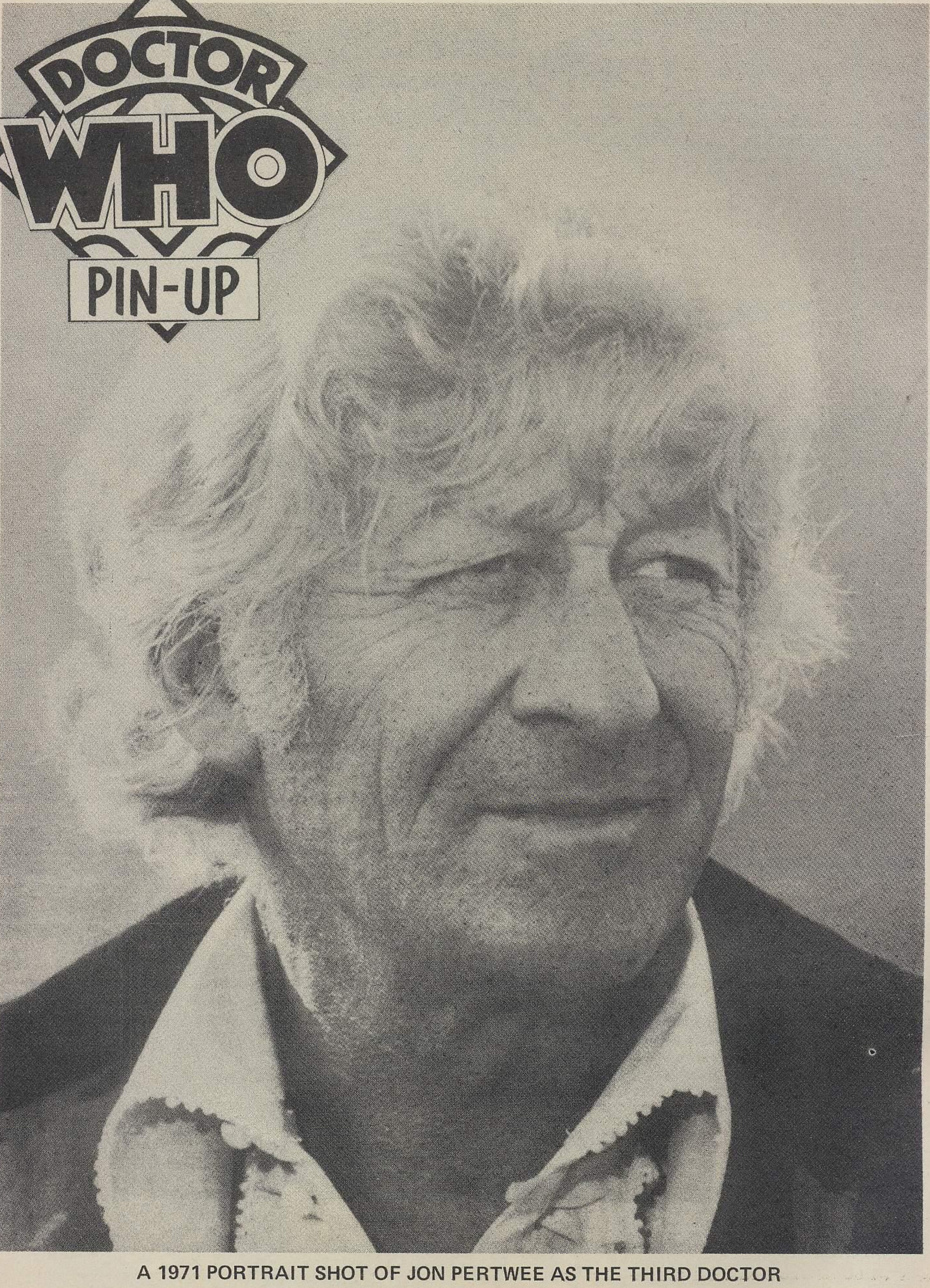
DEATH OF THE MARTIANS!

PLANET OF GIANTS!

PLUS
ELISABETH SLADEN

£5 PRIZE WINNING COMPETITION-inside!

PIN-UP



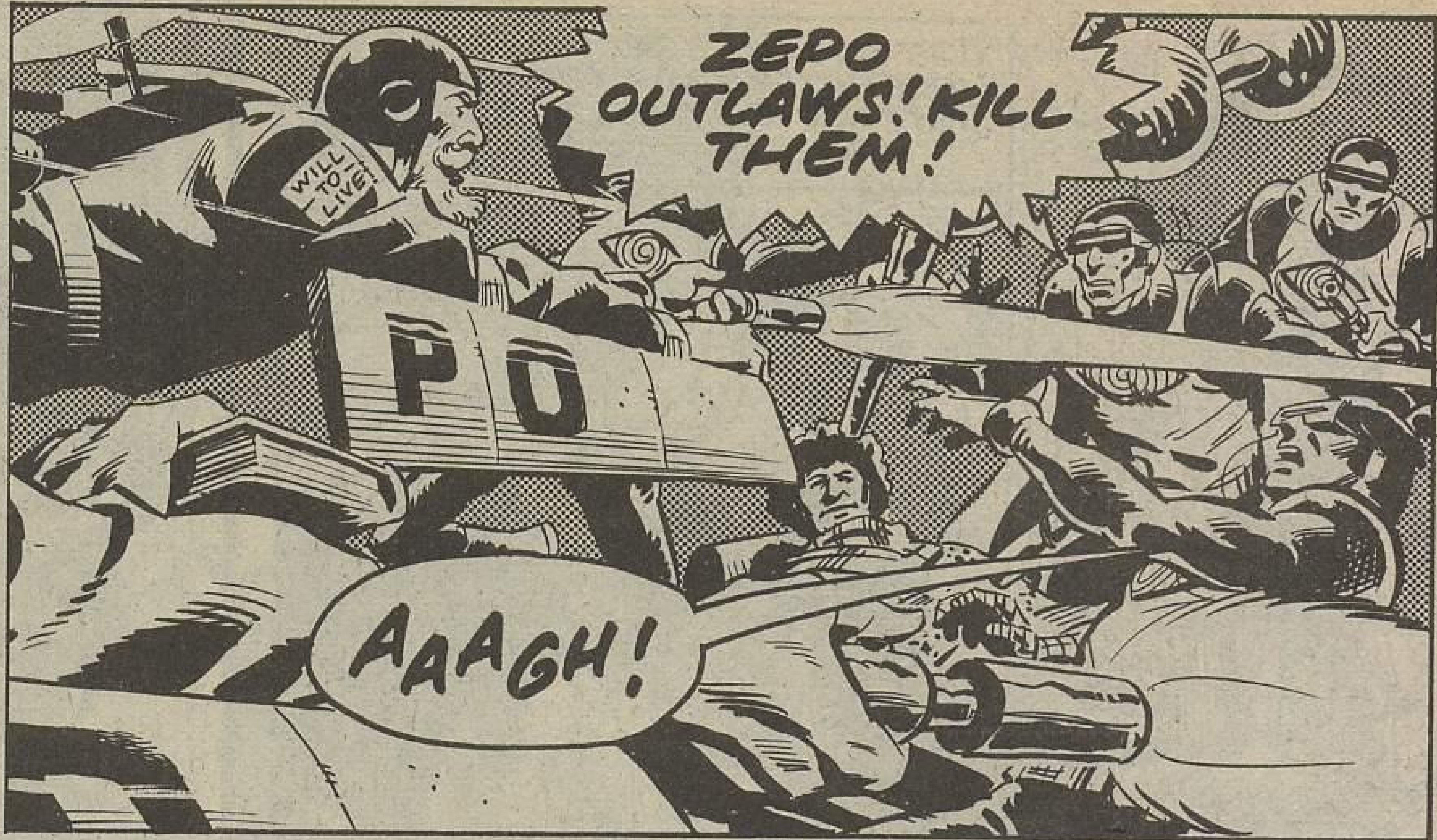
A 1971 PORTRAIT SHOT OF JON PERTWEE AS THE THIRD DOCTOR

Stan Lee presents

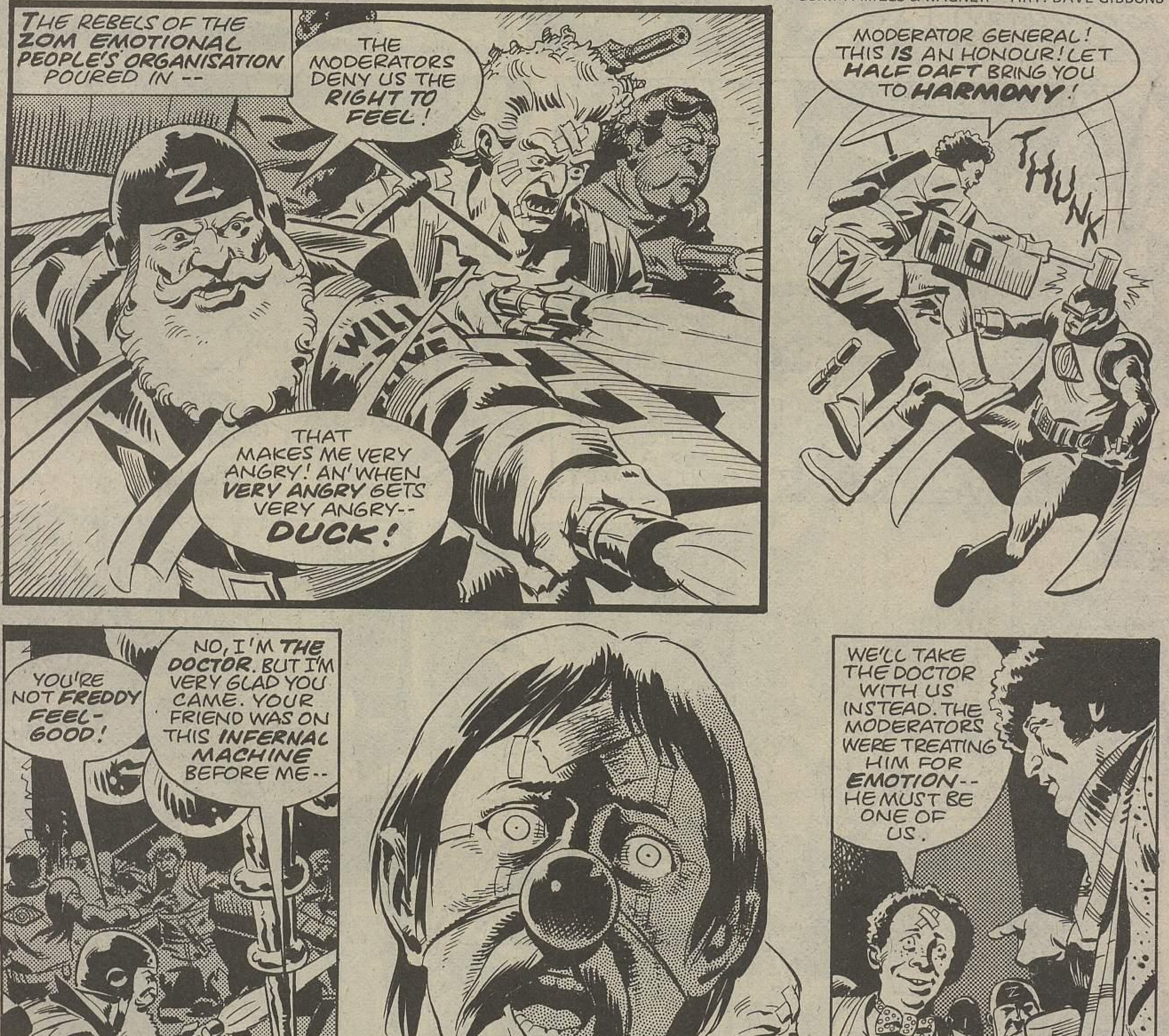
DOCTOR WHO

CITY OF THE DAMNED

THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE MODERATORS — SINISTER POLICE OF THE ALIEN CITY OF ZOMBOS, WHERE EMOTION IS FORBIDDEN. IN THE MODERATORS' WATCHTOWER, THE DOCTOR IS ABOUT TO BE BRAINWASHED — WHEN SUDDENLY —


ZEPO OUTLAWS! KILL THEM!
WILL TO LIVE!
PO
AAAGH!

SCRIPT: MILLS & WAGNER ART: DAVE GIBBONS


THE REBELS OF THE ZOM EMOTIONAL PEOPLE'S ORGANISATION POURED IN --
THE MODERATORS DENY US THE RIGHT TO FEEL!
THAT MAKES ME VERY ANGRY! AN' WHEN VERY ANGRY GETS VERY ANGRY-- DUCK!
WILL TO LIVE
MODERATOR GENERAL! THIS IS AN HONOUR! LET HALF DAFT BRING YOU TO HARMONY!
THUNK
PO
YOU'RE NOT FREDDY FEEL-GOOD!
NO, I'M THE DOCTOR. BUT I'M VERY GLAD YOU CAME. YOUR FRIEND WAS ON THIS INFERNAL MACHINE BEFORE ME --
WILL TO LIVE
FREDDY FEELGOOD'S BEEN BRAINWIPED! OH, CALAMITY! HE'S ONE OF THE DAMNED NOW!
WE'LL TAKE THE DOCTOR WITH US INSTEAD. THE MODERATORS WERE TREATING HIM FOR EMOTION-- HE MUST BE ONE OF US.
THE FIRST SENSIBLE WORDS I'VE HEARD SINCE I GOT HERE! YOU'RE NOT AS STUPID AS YOU LOOK!

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I KNOW, BUT I TRY. SOMEDAY I HOPE TO GO COMPLETELY CRAZY.
I/2 DAFT
THE DOCTOR STRAPS A MODERATOR'S MATTER TRANSMITTER TO THE ULTRA-HARMONISER --
THESE MATTER TRANSMITTERS GENERATE ONLY A LIMITED FIELD. SO WHEN I ACTIVATE IT--
HEY PRESTO! THEY'LL NEVER BRAINWASH ANYONE ON THAT MACHINE AGAIN!
SMART WORK, DOCTOR!
PHUT PHUT
WE MUST FLY! YOU HAVE NOT USED HALF DAFT'S WING BEFORE...
HALF DAFT! THAT EXPLAINS THE DESIGN! MONSTROSITIES LIKE THIS COULD ONLY WORK ON A LOW GRAVITY PLANET.
OH, WELL, I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE..!
DOCTOR!
OH DEAR!
THIS ISN'T AS EASY--
AS IT LOOKS!
AH, THAT'S BETTER! GOT TO USE THE FEET LIKE A TAIL!

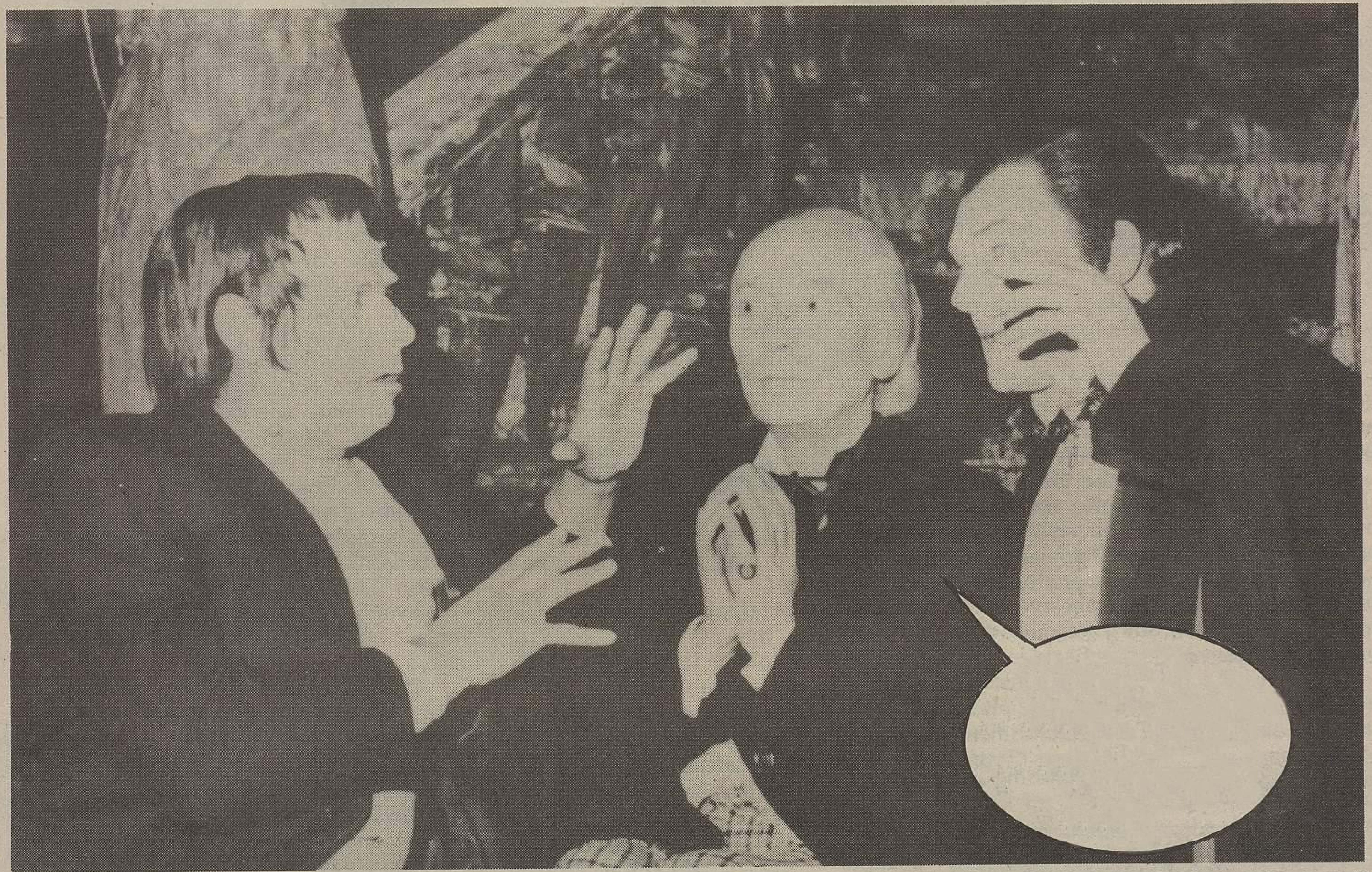
ATTENTION ALL MODERATORS! ZEPO FLIERS IN THE CITY! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!
DIVE, DOCTOR! INTO THE CITY--OR THE WATCHTOWER GUNS WILL PICK US OFF!
TOP OF THE MORNING TO YOU!
LOOK! AREN'T THEY... EXCITING!
A MODERATOR APPEARS...
EXCITEMENT IS AN ILLEGAL EMOTION! COME WITH ME, CRIMINAL!
MODERATORS 'PORTING IN OUR PATH! RIGHT WHEEL, ZEPO FLIGHT!
WILL TO LIVE
DO
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN THE GAUNTLET!
AAAGH!

YOU'LL NEVER KILL WILL-TO-LIVE!
UGH!
THEN, SUDDENLY--
WE'RE OUT OF THE CITY! THEY WON'T CATCH US NOW! THEIR MATTER TRANSMITTERS DON'T WORK OUTSIDE THE MAIN CITY FIELD!
WE'LL RIDE TO ZEPO BASE ON AN OUTBOUND CONVEYOR, DOCTOR. HAVE TO SAVE WING FUEL FOR IMPORTANT RAIDS ON THE CITY!
OUR PEOPLE USED TO LOVE THIS LAND. WHEN THE BRAINS TRUST MADE EMOTION ILLEGAL, WE WERE ORDERED OFF. NOW IT'S FARMED BY UNFEELING MACHINES!
YOUR BRAINS TRUST HAVE GOT A LOT TO ANSWER FOR!
MEANWHILE, IN THE CITY...
YOU SENT FOR ME, BRAINS TRUST.
WE HAVE A WARNING FOR YOU, MODERATOR GENERAL.
WE WERE CREATED TO SERVE ZOM. IT WAS OUR INTELLIGENCE WHICH SAW THE EVIL OF EMOTION.
OUR INTELLIGENCE WHICH BROUGHT HARMONY TO THIS CITY.
NOW, OUR INTELLIGENCE SENSES DANGER. THERE IS ONE AMONG US WITH THE POWER TO RUIN EVERYTHING WE HAVE WORKED FOR.
YOU WILL FIND THE DOCTOR--AND DESTROY HIM!
NEXT WEEK: THE BIG HATE!

CRAZY CAPTION 11

£5 TO BE WON!

Welcome to another of our candid shots from the **Dr Who** tv series that just cries out for a crazy caption. Simply send us the funniest line you can, to go with the empty speech balloon (25 words or less), and you could win £5! Send your entries — **on postcards only** — postrmarked no later than December 24th, to us at CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 11, Marvel Comics, Jadwin House, 205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5. When sending in your entry, why not let us know which three features are your favourites in this issue.



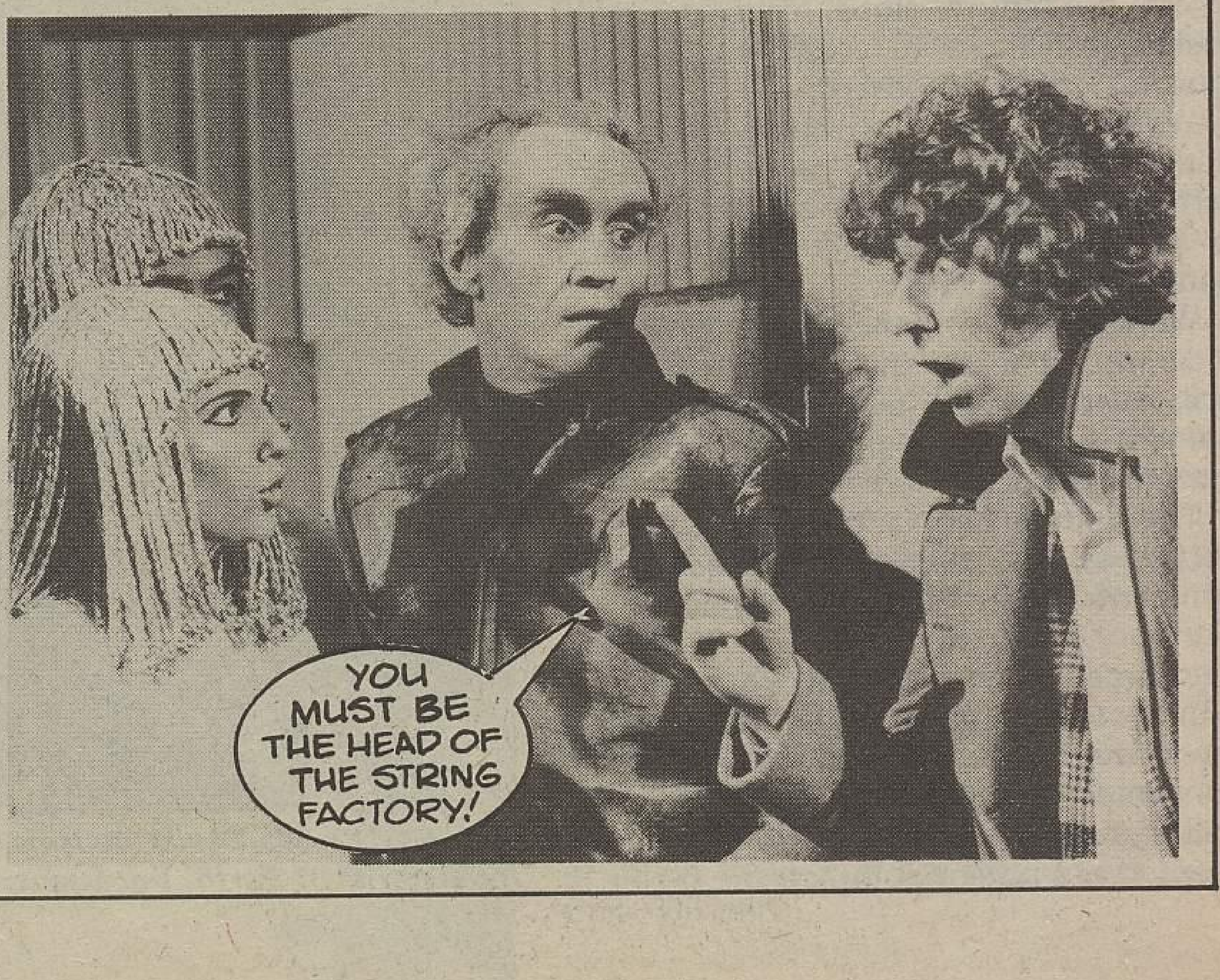
RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER FIVE

THE WINNER:

Mark Avery wins £5 for his crazy caption repeated on the right.

Signed colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor have gone to the ten runners up:

Jason Hull, aged 6½, of Hitchworth;
Ross Sleight, aged 9, of Swindon;
Colin Bodenham of Llandrindod Wells;
S. Emmerson, aged 10, of Barnsley;
John Tomlinson, aged 9, of Saltborn;
Aileen Smith of Kirkcaldy;
Vincent Wilkins of Plymouth;
David Parker of Ellesmere Port;
John and Denise Wilkinson from Glasgow;
Glenn Miller from Irvine.


YOU MUST BE THE HEAD OF THE STRING FACTORY!

THE MONSTERS OF DOCTOR WHO:

Imagine awakening from a long sleep and finding strange creatures inhabiting your home town, claiming it as their own! When a reptile people stepped back out on to the surface of their world, gone was the familiar landscape and their dinosaur pets. Their age of rule had passed. A dilemma faced mankind at the rebirth of . . .

The Silurians

One hundred million years ago, Earth was a very different place indeed. The continents we know today were unformed, dinosaurs and huge lizards prowled the rolling valleys of the rich landscape and from the night sky above, no moonlight was cast.

In sprawling metal cities there lived green reptile people, men and women of an advanced civilisation completely united under a world government.

Tall and imposing, the thick green skinned rulers of the world had gaping oval mouths and fire red eyes. Wide jug-ears butted out of their tall domed heads. A third eye mounted triangularly above the normal two in the forehead was not really an eye at all, but a weapon which projected a beam of intense heat.

One day, the great scientists of the reptile people discovered a rogue planet fast approaching the Earth. Assessments of the danger varied at first, but as time ran out a common belief developed out of panic.

A CATASTROPHE FACES EARTH!

The new planet would, they thought, pass close to the Earth and bring chaos across the entire globe, causing earthquakes, volcanoes to erupt and massive disturbances of the oceans.

Worst of all, the reptile scientists feared that the actual atmosphere of Earth would be sucked away making life on the surface impossible for an unestimatable length of time.

Work began immediately on vast underground metal shelters. On the surface, sensors were built to detect the moment when the world had formed its atmosphere once more.

The reptile people retired into their shelters as the danger from space grew imminent. Whilst they were unable to take very many of their larger pets like the dinosaur, one male and one female of a more humanoid creature was taken. These four limbed furry animals had their numbers kept under strict control by the reptile rulers as they were, in truth, regarded as a potential threat.

The reptile scientists put themselves and their people into a "total sleep" condition. Their constitutions allowed them to terminate all of their body functions completely. When the surface sensors detected that the world was once more inhabitable, machines discharging massive jolts of electricity were designed to reawaken the reptile people.

MANKIND PROSPERS WHILE THE REPTILES SLEEP . . .

Unfortunately for the reptile people, their scientists had been mistaken about the extent of the threat posed by the rogue planet.

Instead of ripping away the Earth's atmosphere, the wandering rock went into orbit becoming its permanent moon. This *was* fortunate, however, for the furry creatures who had, until the time of hibernation by the ruling breed, led very inhibited lives. Left to multiply as they pleased, these "pets" went on to develop into mankind.

With no catastrophe, there were no changes in the planet's atmosphere and the reptile people slept on . . .

The humans could never have guessed at the existence of such reptile creatures until one day, centuries after they had firmly established themselves upon the Earth, their ever-increasing scientific cusiosity probing deep beneath the ground chanced upon one of the reptile people's shelters.

Incorrectly dubbed with the name of "Silurians" (a famous scientist wrongly assessed their era of origin), the reptile people were, for the first time split amongst their own ranks in the face of the humans. Some of the newly-awakened Silurians wanted to win back their world. The elders of the race were keener on living *with* the humans, seeing the way that history had played a trick on them from man's point of view.

The Silurians were soon to discover the similarity between the humans and their furry pets of old — the creatures that the reptiles had loathed because they carried insects in their hair and had an odd smell. This added ill-feeling to their grievances. To think that those insignificant creatures now ruled *their* world!

All the while that the delicate dis-

Above: *The Sea-Devils, cousins of the Silurians.* **Right:** *A Silurian, one of the original inhabitants of Earth.* **Far Right:** *The Doctor (Jon Pertwee) is attacked by a Sea-Devil.*

cussions went on between man and Silurian (the Doctor acted as go-between), the Silurians stole the power of the human's research station to awaken their sleepers, adding to their strength.

Sadly, the blind fear of anything they couldn't understand; a fear for anything that was unlike themselves and therefore unknown, was too entrenched in both the Silurian and human consciousness and a devastating full-scale war was only prevented by the swift action of Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart and UNIT.

THE SEA DEVILS

The threat from the Silurians (correctly they should have been called Eocenes as that was their true period of origin) appeared to be over until a nest of their sea-borne cousins was awakened by the renovation of an old sea-fort in the English Channel. These amphibian reptiles came to be known, menacingly, as Sea-Devils because of an old mariners myth of such monsters.

With giant eyes and long craggy necks, the Sea-Devils swam the shipping lanes sinking sea-going vessels and even kidnapped a Royal Navy submarine and its crew!

Their natural conflict with mankind was further aggravated by the involvement of the renegade Time Lord known as The Master (see **Dr Who Weekly 5**). The Sea-Devils were eventually laid back to rest at the bottom of the ocean by the Doctor.

With such shelters of reptile people hidden underground and beneath the water all over the world the question is, will the original inhabitants of Earth ever again attempt to reclaim what is arguably as much their world as mankind's? Only time will tell!

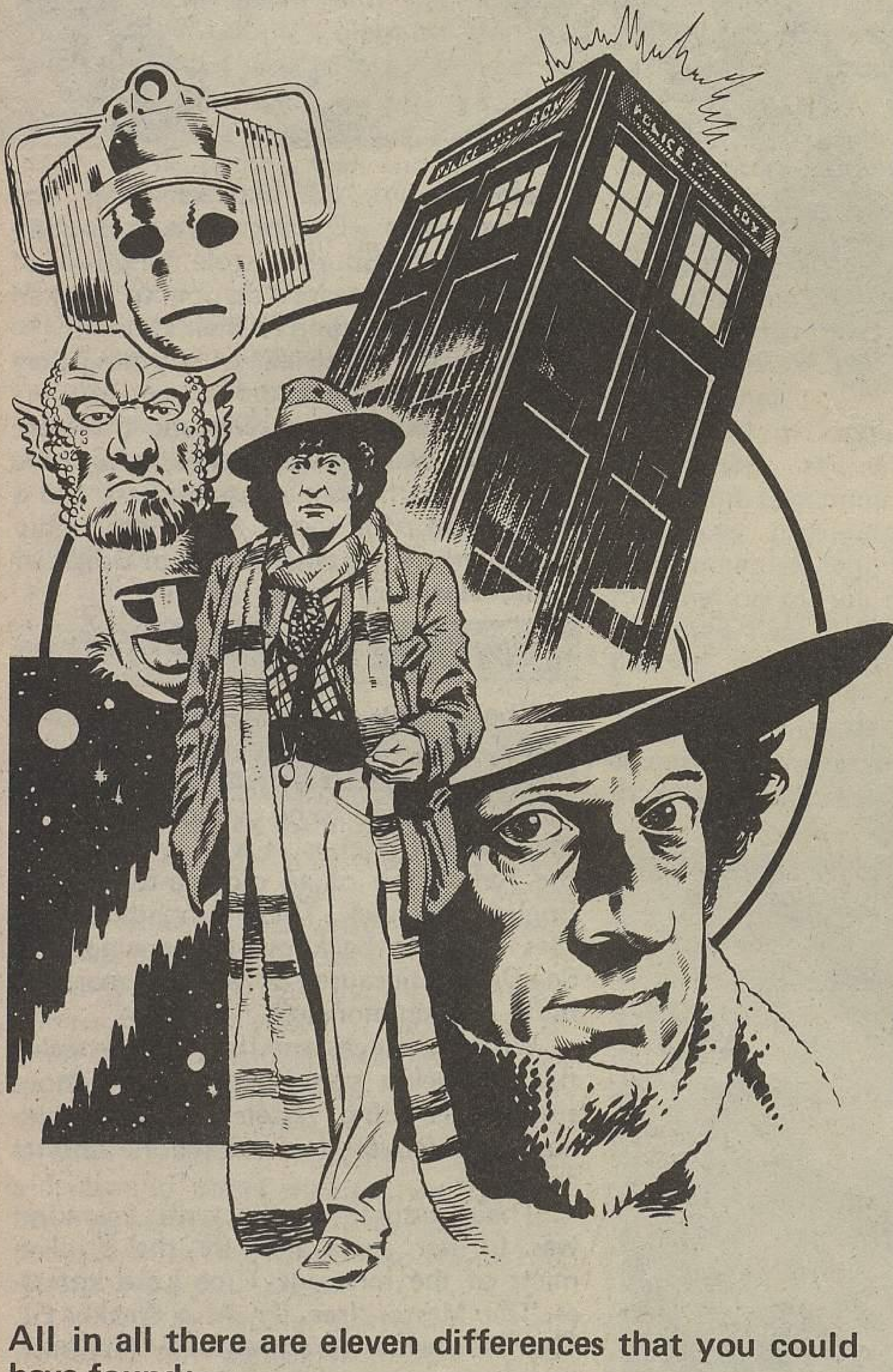
—RALEIGH BICYCLE— COMPETITION RESULTS!

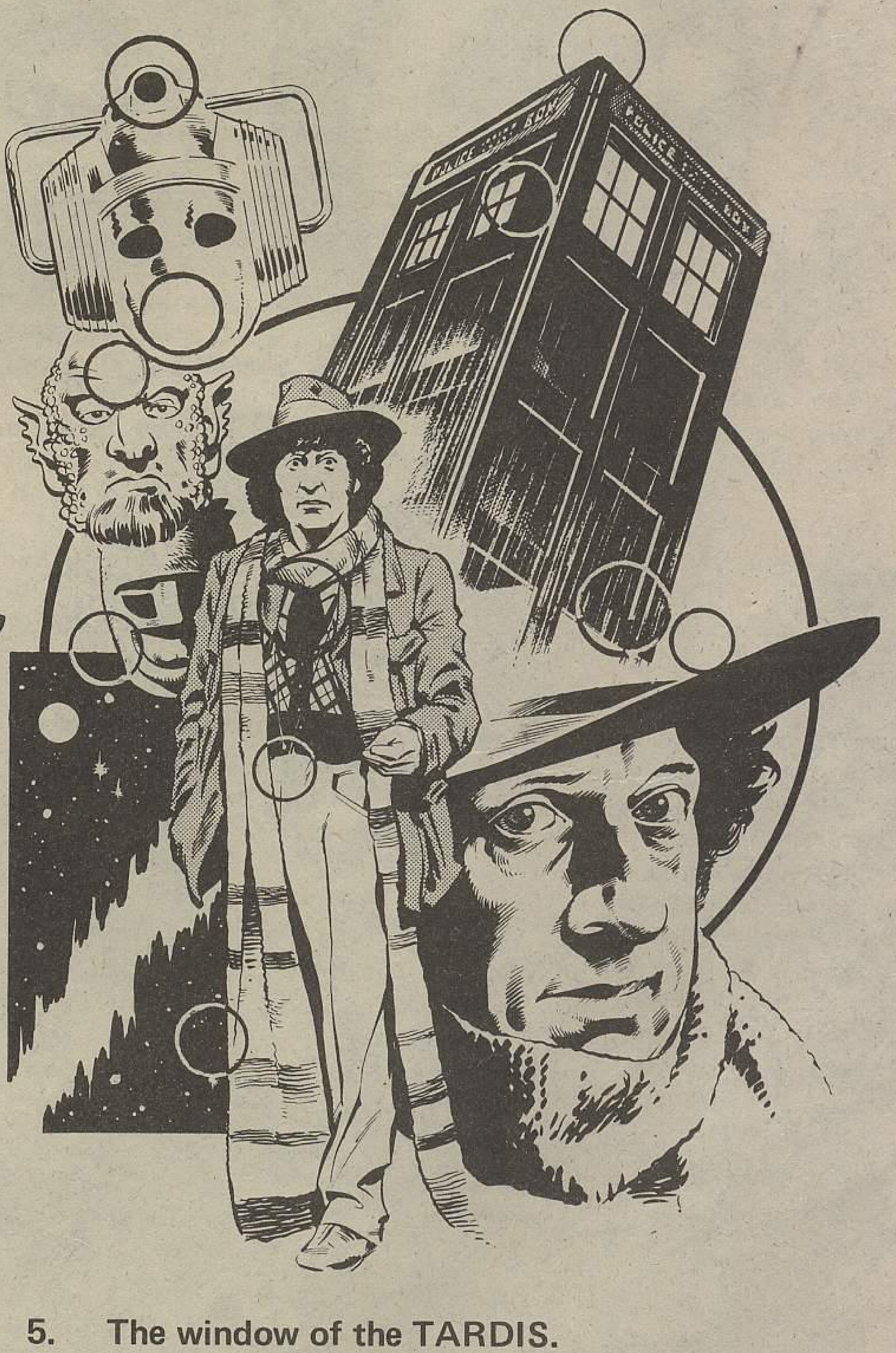
The response to our fabulous prize-winning competition was fantastic! We were snowed under by over 3000 entries but at last found the lucky winners.

The **Grifter** was won by 7 year-old Matthew Greer of Royston, the **Chopper**, by 10 year-old David Ridler from Southampton and 11 year-old Anne Marie McLoughlin wins a **Twenty Shopper**.

If you're not one of our lucky winners, thanks for your comments and better luck next time. We've lots more prize-winning competitions coming soon!

Next week, for example, you'll have the chance to win one of thirty fabulous **Palitoy Talking Daleks.** These wonderful replicas of your favourite **Dr Who** monster actually speak in the terrifying tones of the dreaded invaders from Skaro. Make sure you enter this fabulous contest, by ordering your copy of **Dr Who Weekly** now!





All in all there are eleven differences that you could have found:

1. **The top of the Cyberman's helmet.**
2. **The Cyberman's mouth.**
3. **The flash above the TARDIS.**
4. **The Draconian's forehead.**
5. **The window of the TARDIS.**
6. **The Doctor's tie.**
7. **The Ice Warrior's fur.**
8. **The Doctor's watch.**
9. **The triangle of white light on the TARDIS.**
10. **The Doctor's hat.**
11. **The star.**

Next week: The results of our watch competition plus your chance to win a ***Palitoy Taliking Dalek!***

WHO CARES!

Dear **Doctor Who Weekly**,

Thanks a million. 16 years I've waited and at last an entire comic devoted to Dr Who containing features, comic strips and information on the show.

What a must for every Dr Who fan!

I've followed the series since I was eight when it first started. I'm now 24 and, like William Hartnell, if I live to be 90, the magic of Dr Who will always stay with me.

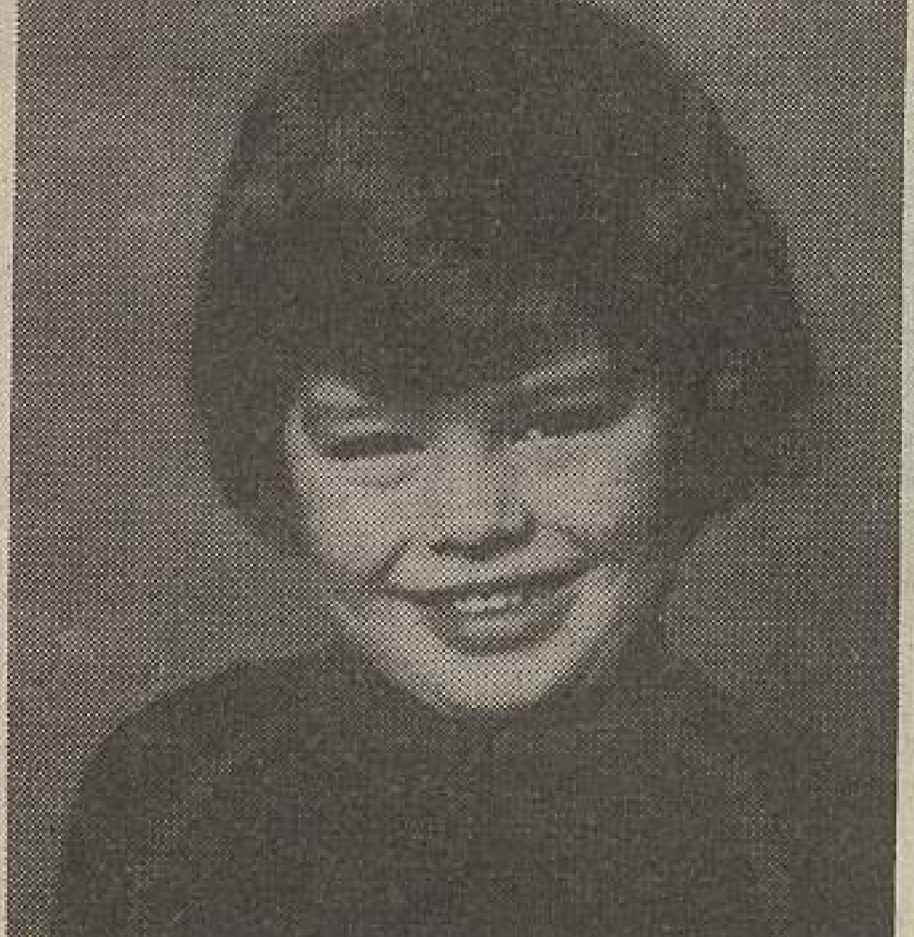
A big thank you for dedicating issue one to William Hartnell, what a nice tribute.

When I was a boy and before they removed the police boxes from the street, there used to be one two streets away. I always made a point of visiting it, and I often wished the Doctor would step out and invite me to join him on his travels. I'd have gone like a shot!

I love the comic, keep up the good work. With the photo-file, I wonder if when you've finished with the four Doctors you could do a photo-file on the Doctor's companions from the beginning. It would make a super gallery and a must for every fan.

Thanks again for the series on past adventures, I look forward to further reminders with bated breath.

Pete Jon Figgins, Lee, London.



Reader Jason Aris from Coalville

Dear Doctor,

Four friends and I are great fans of your TV show and weekly magazine. We like the picture strips, stories, letters and features very much. We also enjoy your photo-files on the previous Doctors.

We also think that K-9 is very cute, and we're glad that you have him as your assistant.

One question about two of your old assistants: Victoria and Jamie. Could you tell us who played them and what happened to them when they left you?

Oh, and your letter in episode two tasted delicious fried upon toast, with a drop of lemon. We can well understand how klimbait can be a delicacy!

Bev, Tracey, Deborah and Caron
of Lawrence Weston School.

Glad you're happy, ladies. But I should imagine anyone who missed issue 2 is wondering what you were doing toasting my letter — but it serves them right for missing it!

About Jamie and Victoria: we'll be covering their adventures in time, so keep reading! To tell the full story here would leave no room for anyone else's letter!

Dear Doctor,

I hope you can answer this question for me. How is it that you can be a Time Lord from Gallifrey — according to your TV adventures, yet in the story "An Unearthly Child" in your magazine's second issue it said you were a Doctor living in London?

Paul Bamber, Preston.

Dear Paul, in my travels I have been lots of things in lots of times and places. During that visit to London — chronicled on your TV screens as "An Unearthly Child"— I became known as THE Doctor, and somehow the name has stuck. I could tell you my full name, but I doubt if your Earth typewriters could even print it!

Reader Joseph Barrett

Dear Doctor,

Just a few lines in praise of your great new magazine. For the real Doctor Who fans, like myself, this is a terrific new addition to your adventures. I have read all of the Doctor Who books, and I enjoy watching the TV episodes, and I'm sure that I will also enjoy reading your new adventures in your weekly.

The "Tales from the TARDIS" and "Return of the Daleks" stories are very interesting, and I think the artwork in all the stories is very good.

I already know Dave Gibbons' work from another SF magazine, where he drew "Dan Dare".

I enjoy also doing the puzzles and I think the "Crazy Caption" photos are very good as well.

I also enjoy the features as I am always interested in behind-the-scene photos.

Now, being 17, I must be one of your older readers, but I'm sure your magazine is aimed at all age groups.

John Tanner, Hayling Island.

As one of our first letters was from a lady aged 35, John, I'd say you're one of our younger readers! Especially when your age is compared to a Time Lord's!

Dear Sirs,

So far, **Doctor Who Weekly** has been quite good. Your best story at the present is "The Iron Legion" and your best feature is the series of Doctor Who TV adventures of the past.

"War of the Worlds" is by far the worst thing in the magazine as it has nothing to do with Doctor Who. It should be published in a magazine called **The H. G. Wells Weekly**.

By the way, you got the last two pages the wrong way round in issue four.

Jonathan Nash, London W1.

H'mm. Sorry you don't like "War of the Worlds", Jonathan, I'm sure old Herbert (as we all used to call H. G.) would be disappointed. While it's true the invaders of Earth were Martians and not Daleks or Cybermen, we all thought the story was a bit of a classic. And you have to have some variety in the magazine!

Oh, and congratulations on having one of the rare copies of issue 4. Though some villain must have sneaked into the printer's and switched a couple of pages of the issue around, our reliable pals down there spotted the switch quickly and changed them back!

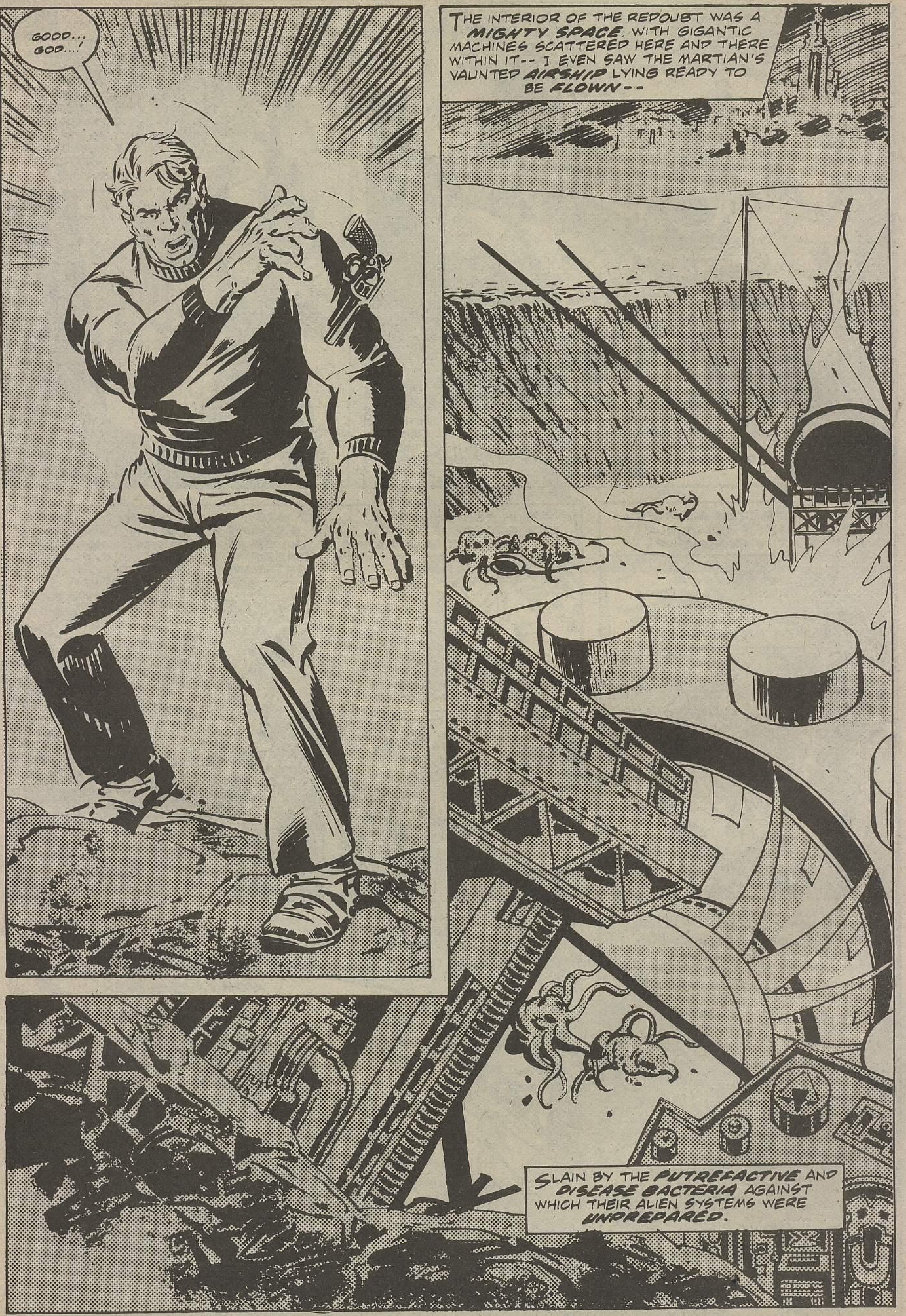
Reader Lawson Gold from Lee

Write to us at:
WHO CARES!
Marvel Comics,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

TALES FROM THE TARDIS featuring
WAR OF THE WORLDS
CONCLUSION
EARTH UNDER MARTIAN RULE! A TERRIFYING TALE — RETOLD HERE IN THE VERY WORDS OF ONE OF ITS VICTIMS!
'BY ACCIDENT I HAD STUMBLED ACROSS A BASE — WHERE MARTIANS BUILT THEIR INFERNAL WAR MACHINES...
SOMEHOW, I MANAGED TO ESCAPE THEM!
ONCE I'D FOUND THAT OUT, I WAS DETERMINED TO PRESS ON TO LEATHERHEAD; AND FIND OUT-- ONCE AND FOR ALL -- THE FATE OF MY WIFE.
I HAD NO REAL HOPES OF HER HAVING SURVIVED THE HOLOCAUST, FOR, I'D HEARD IN WEYBRIDGE THAT A FIGHTING MACHINE HAD LEVELLED THE VILLAGE WITH ITS HEAT-RAY...
DAYS SEEMED ENDLESS. BUT WHEN I REACHED OUTER LONDON ANOTHER SHOCK WAS IN STORE FOR ME...
...IN THE SHAPE OF A RIVER AND ITS BANKS OVER-RUN WITH A RED ALIEN GROWTH!
THE WEED SEEMED TO THRIVE ON WATER AND IT HAD TURNED THE WHOLE OF THE THAMES VALLEY INTO SOME VAST, PRIMEVAL, CRIMSON SWAMP.
I WANDERED ON, FINDING NO SIGN OF MARTIANS-- BUT NONE OF MAN, EITHER.
I CAME TO BELIEVE THAT MANKIND WAS NO MORE UPON THIS EARTH, AND THAT I STOOD ALONE, THE LAST MAN LEFT ALIVE!

Script: Chris Claremont Art: Yong Montano & Dino Castrillo Based on the classic by H.G. Wells.

THAT NIGHT I MET THE ARTILLERY SERGEANT I'D KNOWN IN WOKING, HE, TOO, HAVING ESCAPED THE DISASTER AT WEYBRIDGE--
--AND I SPENT THE EVENING LISTENING TO HIS PLANS FOR A RESISTANCE MOVEMENT AGAINST THE MARTIANS. BUT THE MORE I LISTENED, THE MORE I REALIZED THAT HIS PLANS WERE TALK AND NOTHING MORE.
THE NEXT MORNING, I LEFT HIM.
AND PRESENTLY, REACHED LONDON PROPER. A CITY LARGELY UNTOUCHED BY THIS WAR OF THE WORLDS. A CITY WITHOUT PEOPLE.
I FOUND A NUMBER OF BODIES-- AND ONE LIVE (IF YOU COULD CALL IT THAT) DRUNKARD -- I KEPT ON...
...NOT SURE OF PRECISELY WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR, ONLY THAT I WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.
IT WAS IN SOUTH KENSINGTON THAT I FIRST HEARD THE HOWLING...
WHAT--?
SOUNDS LIKE A... SOB. SOMETHING IN PAIN. COMING FROM THE NORTH, TOO. FROM... THAT FIGHTING MACHINE?
IT GREW STEADILY IN VOLUME AS I HEADED NORTHWARDS...
GOOD LORD.. IT'S A HANDLING MACHINE, AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, IT WAS OUT OF CONTROL WHEN IT HIT THIS BUILDING
IT ALSO LOOKS LIKE ITS MARTIAN MASTER DIDN'T SURVIVE THE IMPACT.
A DEAD MARTIAN--YET THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF A FIGHT. SO, HOW DID HE DIE?
WAIT.. THE HOWL!
IT'S STOPPED!
THE SUDDEN SILENCE STRUCK LIKE A THUNDERCLAP.
THE SERGEANT SAID THE MARTIAN'S MAIN BASE WAS HERE IN REGENT'S PARK, AND THIS IS WHERE THE HOWLING'S BEEN COMING FROM.
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO THEM.. I KNOW IT!.. AND, FOOL THAT I AM, I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT...


GOOD... GOD...!
THE INTERIOR OF THE REDOUBT WAS A MIGHTY SPACE, WITH GIGANTIC MACHINES SCATTERED HERE AND THERE WITHIN IT-- I EVEN SAW THE MARTIAN'S VAUNTED AIRSHIP LYING READY TO BE FLOWN--
SLAIN BY THE PUTREFACTIVE AND DISEASE BACTERIA AGAINST WHICH THEIR ALIEN SYSTEMS WERE UNPREPARED.

--AND I SAW SCATTERED ABOUT THE PIT, SOME IN OVERTURNED FIGHTING MACHINES, SOME IN THEIR NOW-RIGID HANDLING MACHINES--A DOZEN OF THEM LYING OUT IN THE OPEN, STARK AND SILENT IN A ROW-- WERE THE MARTIANS THEMSELVES.
DEAD!
SLAIN, AFTER ALL MAN'S DEVICES HAD FAILED, BY THE HUMBLEST THINGS THAT GOD, IN HIS WISDOM, HAD PUT UPON THIS EARTH.

EPILOGUE
I SPENT THE NEXT FEW DAYS AT THE HOME OF A KINDLY COUPLE WHO'D FOUND ME WANDERING, DELIRIOUS, IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD...
...BEFORE--MY HEALTH AND STRENGTH RESTORED--I RETURNED HOME TO WOKING.
I STILL HAD HARBOURED SOME HOPE OF FINDING MY DEAR WIFE...
...BUT OUR HOUSE WAS EMPTY, EVERYTHING JUST AS IT HAD BEEN THAT MAD SATURDAY SO LONG AGO, WHEN AN INVASION FROM MARS HAD COME CRASHING DOWN UPON ALL OUR HEADS.
BUT WHILE MANKIND HAD SURVIVED, I WAS ALONE.
...MORE TERRIBLY ALONE THAN WHEN I'D THOUGHT MYSELF THE ONLY PERSON LEFT ALIVE ON EARTH.
IT'S NO USE, THE HOUSE IS DESERTED. NO ONE HAS BEEN HERE THESE PAST TEN DAYS.
DO NOT STAY HERE TO TORMENT YOURSELF.
NO ONE ESCAPED BUT YOU.
MY TALE IS COMPLETE NOW, A STRANGE TALE OF MANY STRANGE EVENTS. BUT STRANGEST OF ALL IS TO HOLD MY DEAR WIFE ONCE AGAIN.
GEORGE!
I CAME. I KNEW-- I KNEW!
...AND KNOW THAT I HAVE COUNTED HER, AS SHE HAS COUNTED ME, AMONG THE DEAD.
SO ENDED THE TALE OF THE ATTEMPTED ALIEN INVASION OF YOUR PLANET, AS TOLD TO ME BY HERBERT GEORGE WELLS. REJOIN ME NEXT WEEK AS I RECALL ANOTHER OF HIS STORIES...
THE INVISIBLE MAN

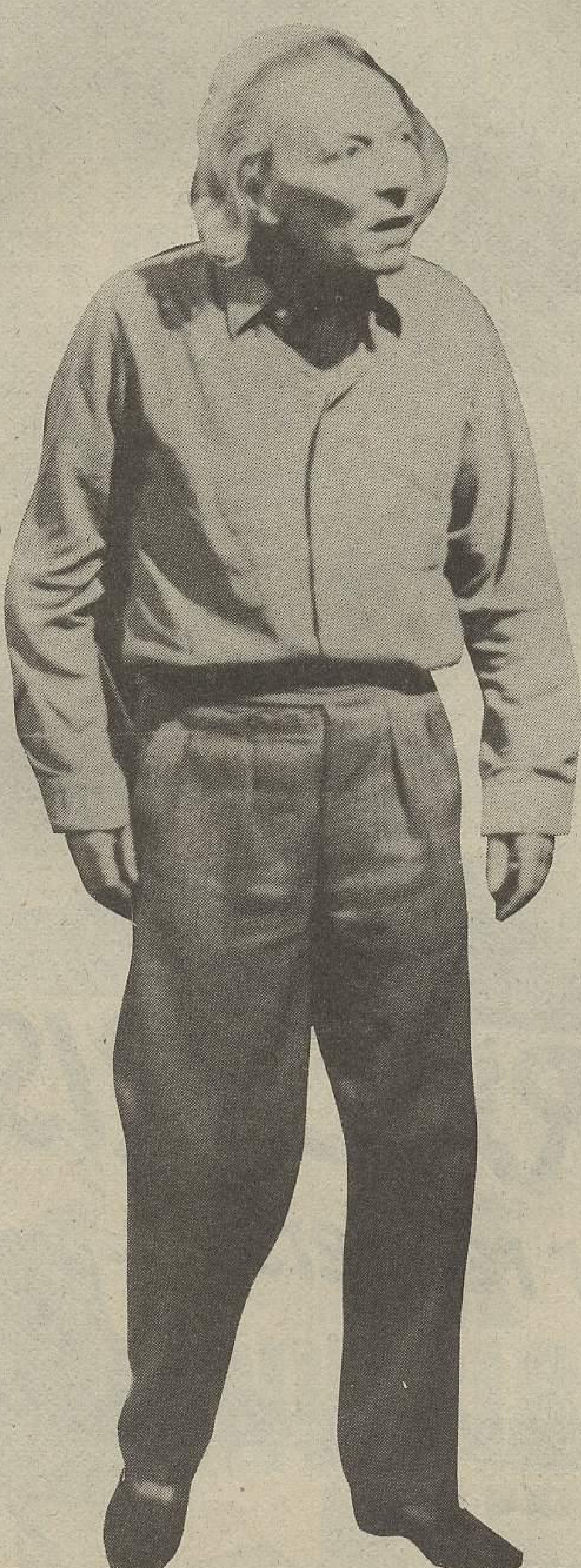
MERRY CHRISTMAS

to all our readers!

The Doctor

DOCTOR WHO
STORY NINE

PLANET OF GIANTS



Annoyed by his most recent failure to return Ian and Barbara to the middle of the Twentieth Century, the Doctor is programming a new series of codes into the TARDIS' navigational circuits. Suddenly, a deep, roaring noise fills the ship. The noise is coming from the main doors, which are beginning to edge open, despite the fact that the ship has not yet materialised! While the Doctor frantically tries to steady the TARDIS, his three companions manage to close the doors. The Doctor is very worried — nothing like this has ever occurred before. Materialisation is the riskiest manoeuvre the TARDIS performs and if its internal stability is altered before the ship has adjusted to its new landing place, then anything could happen.

Strangely, the Fault Locator shows no damage to the ship, so Susan tries the scanner. A hideously distorted image appears, then the screen goes blank. Now there is nothing left to do but explore the surroundings so that the Doctor can be sure it is safe to take off again.

A WORLD OF GIANT INSECTS

The four exit from the TARDIS and find that the ship has perched itself in a deep gully running between two tall cliff faces. They split up, Barbara and the Doctor going one way, Susan and Ian in the other direction.

The shriek from Barbara halts the Doctor in his tracks. Up ahead a large, pink snake is hanging over the gully wall, though thankfully the creature appears to be dead. Meanwhile, Ian and Susan have come across a collection of massive white eggs. They then spot the "owner"; an ant of enormous size, though again, mercifully dead.

The pair find more dead ants, and as Barbara and the Doctor realise that the "snake" is a gaint earthworm, the truth slowly dawns on them. They are on Earth, and possibly in the 1960s, but the accident aboard the TARDIS has caused them to shrink to a tiny size. The smooth ground below them is concrete, the "cliffs" are crazy paving and the whole landscape is nothing but an ordinary back garden!

Ian's finding of a twelve-foot matchbox confirms his theories, but before they can rejoin the Doctor and Barbara, a shadow falls over them and tremors shake the ground. Ian takes refuge in the matchbox while Susan darts behind a plant. The owner of the garden, a biologist named Farrow, without noticing the travellers, calmly picks up his briefcase, tosses the seed packet and the matchbox into it, and returns to the house. As Susan rejoins her grand-father and Barbara, plans are immediately made to get away from the garden and rescue Ian.

HUNTED BY A CAT

Farrow is working on some notes, when a man called Forester enters. Forester and another man named Smithers, have been developing a powerful insecticide called DN. But Farrow, who works for the Board of Agriculture, now recognises that the poison is too strong; it will kill all insect life on Earth. He tells Forester that they will have to abandon this line of research. Forester, who has a lot of money staked in the project, refuses to accept this and takes a gun from his pocket . . .

The shot is heard by the Doctor, Barbara and Susan, as they puzzle over their latest find; a giant dead bee. Worried that this poison killer could also affect them, the three hurry towards the house. Having escaped from the briefcase, Ian is examining Farrow's body, when he spots his friends in the distance.

Unfortunately, Ian is not the only one to have noticed the three travellers. From a corner of the patio, Farrow's cat has

Above: *Ian (William Russell) and Susan (Carole Ann Ford) investigate a giant matchbox.* **Left:** *The Doctor (William Hartnell).* **Below:** *Ian (William Russell).*

also seen the moving figures. With its yellow eyes alert, the cat pads slowly towards its prey.

HAZARDOUS JOURNEY

Remaining absolutely motionless so as not to attract attention, the three companions hold their breaths as the cat pauses, and then goes over to sniff Farrow's recumbent body. Deep, booming voices are heard from the lounge and the Doctor advises them all to hide. Ian and Barbara hide in the briefcase while the Doctor pulls Susan behind a ventilation grill. Forester enters with Smithers; the chief developer of DN6. Smithers is horrified by the murder of Farrow, but is persuaded to say nothing when Forester points out that if production of DN6 is stopped, the Brazilian famine, which the insecticide will cure, will go on and his work will be ruined. They then decide to hide the body in a storeroom, until it can be disposed of.

Firstly, Farrow's briefcase is taken to the laboratory inside the house. Recovering from their tumbled ordeal, Ian and Barbara emerge from the case and survey their new surroundings — a well-equipped laboratory bench. They see a giant saucer, containing what looks like a pile of wheat seeds though, as Barbara finds when she touches one, each is covered by a sticky film. She continues to muse over the seeds as Ian goes off to explore possible means of getting down to the floor. A buzzing noise behind her causes Barbara to spin round, bringing her face to face with a giant fly. She faints as the fly wanders over to the wheat seeds.

As Barbara regains consciousness, she notices that the fly is now dead. Whatever is on those seeds is clearly a very powerful insecticide, and Ian realises that it could be lethal to them at this size. Remembering her contact with the seeds, Barbara worriedly wipes her hands on her handkerchief.

A sudden echoing voice coming from the sink disturbs the pair. Running over to the source Ian and Barbara peer downwards to where the Doctor and Susan have emerged from the plug-hole, having survived an arduous climb through the drain pipes from outside. Quickly the Doctor tells them to use the drain-pipe as an escape route. They are about to do so, when the lab door opens.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH!

Forester and Smithers return from removing Farrow's body. The Doctor and Susan slip back down the plug-hole while the other pair run for cover behind a rack of the test tubes. In horror Ian watches as Smithers puts the plug into the sink, fills it with water to wash his hands and then pulls out the plug. With a noisy gurgling the water surges down the drain pipe!

As Smithers and Forester leave the room, Ian dashes over to the sink. Amazingly Susan and the Doctor are alive, having escaped death by taking refuge in the overflow duct.

In another room Forester is on the phone to the local operator. He intends to put through a call to the French factory that will mass produce DN6 telling them they will have a formula in a day or two.

Back in the laboratory, the Doctor hears Barbara's account of the insecticide's effect with mounting alarm. Finding the formula for the 'perfected' DN6 on a notepad the old man realises that if this substance is put into mass circulation, it will kill every insect on the planet, thus upsetting the balance of nature. They decide to call the police. However, at one-inch heights, telephoning becomes a major endeavour.

Below: *Susan (Carole Ann Ford) and Ian (William Russell) discover a dead ant.* Right: *Barbara (Jacqueline Hill).*

At the local exchange, the operator is perplexed by the squeaky noises coming from Farrow's phone (the traveller's miniaturised voices are too high-pitched for human audibility). Beside her, the village policeman decides something is amiss.

Having failed to make themselves heard, the Doctor suddenly notices that Barbara is ill. Clearly, if they do not get back to the TARDIS soon and render the poison harmless by restoring her to normal size, she will die. First, though, they must destroy the DN6 formula. Ian locates a gas tap and suggests starting a fire. The Doctor agrees and, with Susan's help, wheels a tin containing an explosive mixture in front of the tap.

Suddenly the door crashes open and Forester enters. Suddenly, the phone rings. It is his call to France. Hurriedly Forester disguises his voice, but this time the policeman is certain something is wrong. He dons his helmet as the operator disconnects the line.

A RETURN TO NORMAL SIZED DANGER . . .

Furiously, Forester storms out of the room to get Smithers, giving Ian the opportunity to hunt out a match. The Doctor stands by the gas tap as Ian and Susan struggle to strike the battering-ram sized match. At last they succeed and flame errupts from the gas pipe. Supportting Barbara between them they begin the descent down the plug chain. The Doctor pauses to wrap one of the wheat seeds in his cloak.

The explosion sends Forester, gun in hand, to the lab, followed by Smithers. The room is burning strongly as he enters, and as he raises his gun hand to shield him from the heat, the policeman enters and pulls the two men away. Forester will have a lot of explaining to do — after the house has been searched.

Without further incident, Ian, Susan and the Doctor get Barbara back to the safety of the TARDIS. Quickly the Doctor dematerialises the ship and then turns to regard the wheat seed in the cloak. It is rapidly growing smaller before their eyes and in seconds is no larger than a conventional seed. They are back to normal size, and thus the DN6 infection is no longer concentrated enough to be able to affect Barbara.

Celebrating with a normal-sized glass of water each, they watch the Doctor's preparations for the next landing. With the scanner now operating again the Doctor tries to focus a picture but all they can see is a dark, moving sludge.

Comment

With none of the budget of Irwin Allen's later American sci-fi programme "Land of the Giants", the BBC Production team did wonders to re-create a giant world with the skilful use of back projection plus a few ingeniously scaled props, among them a telephone and a matchbox. The dead Earthworm and ants proved no problem, but for the fly, which had to appear alive in one scene, the special effects people devised what was virtually a giant puppet on wires.

For the next voyage, the Doctor manages to keep the TARDIS confined to Earth, but somewhat ahead of their 1963 destination. However, for Ian and Barbara, their glimpse of Earth's future reveals only a nightmare as they fight again an enemy they thought destroyed.

THE PLANET OF THE GIANTS
Credits

The Doctor (*William Hartnell*); Ian Chesterton (*William Russell*); Susan Foreman (*Carole Ann Ford*); Barbara Wright (*Jacqueline Hill*); Forester (*Alan Tilvern*); Farrow (*Frank Crawshaw*); Smithers (*Reginald Barrat*);
Written by *Louis Marks;*
Directed by *Mervyn Pinfield* and *Douglas Camfield.*

Next Week: THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH

DOCTOR WHO PHOTO~FILE

Entry Number Eleven:~ ELIZABETH SLADEN

BORN: 1948
ROLE: Sarah Jane Smith
YEARS: 1973 to 1976
OTHER MAJOR TELEVISION APPEARANCES: **Coronation Street; Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em; Z-Cars.**
MAJOR STAGE APPEARANCES: Desdemona in **Othello**; Mary Warren in **The Crucible.**

SPECIAL MENTION: It was while Sarah Jane Smith was working on **Z-Cars** that word went round that **Dr Who** was looking for a new girl assistant to replace Kay Manning. The **Z-Cars** producer recommended Elisabeth to **Dr Who** producer Barry Letts and a few weeks later the announcement was given to the press that Elisabeth Sladen would become the 'tough, independent' Sarah.

Yet hardly had Elisabeth settled into her role among the regulars than dramatic changes on both sides of the cameras left her as the only surviving full-time member of the **Dr Who** crew. Jon Pertwee had retired from the title role to hand over to Tom Baker, Barry Letts bowed out to his replacement, Philip Hinchcliffe and Ian Marter was added to the regulars as Harry Sullivan.

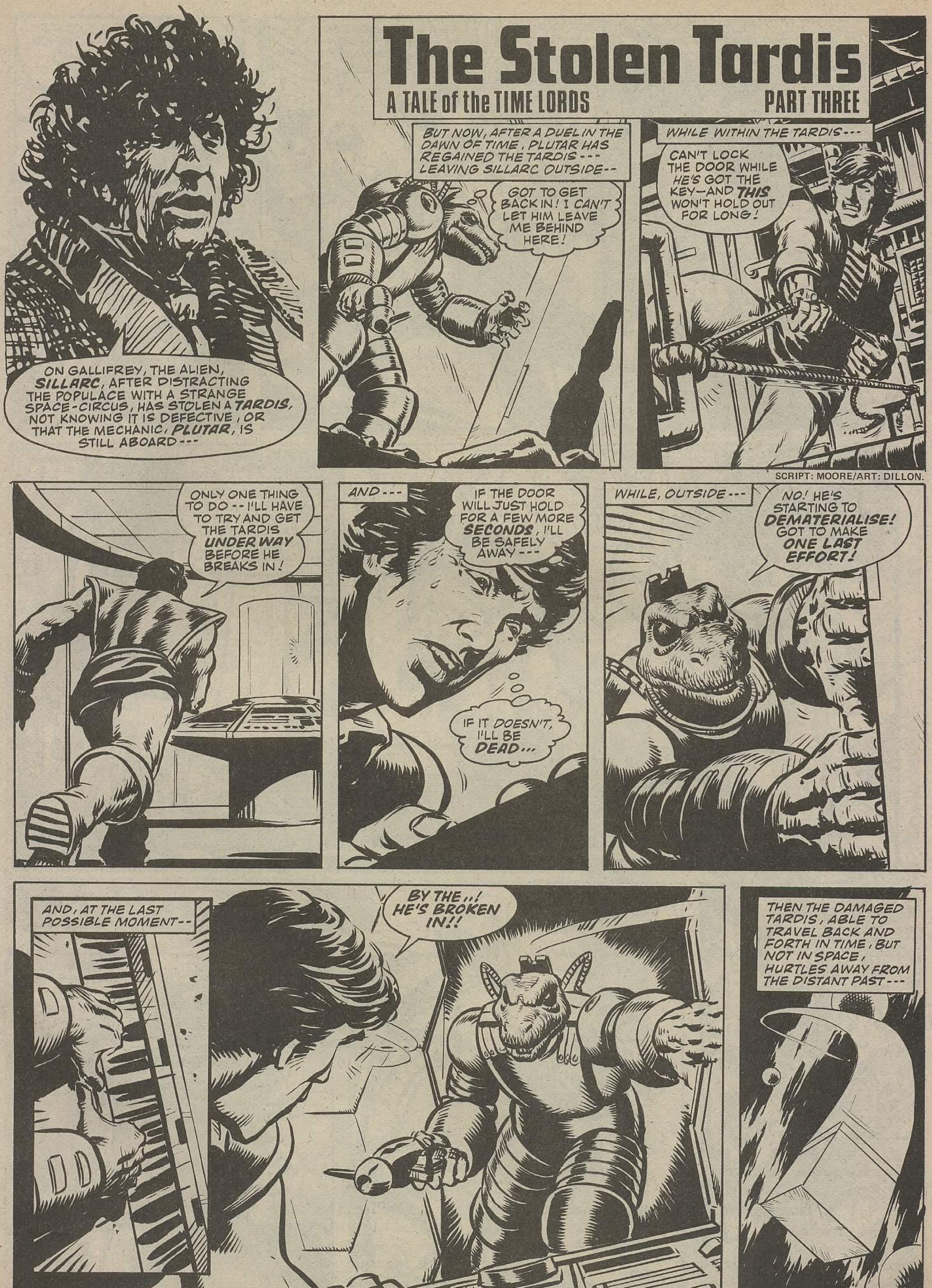
The new style to the series suited Elisabeth, and she developed a brilliant repartee with Ian Marter's character which, alongside Baker's portrayal of the Doctor, helped boost the DR WHO ratings to their highest ever for the series to date.

CUT OUT AND COLLECT THE ENTIRE SERIES

The Stolen Tardis

A TALE of the TIME LORDS

PART THREE


ON GALLIFREY, THE ALIEN, SILLARC, AFTER DISTRACTING THE POPULACE WITH A STRANGE SPACE-CIRCUS, HAS STOLEN A TARDIS, NOT KNOWING IT IS DEFECTIVE, OR THAT THE MECHANIC, PLUTAR, IS STILL ABOARD---
BUT NOW, AFTER A DUEL IN THE DAWN OF TIME, PLUTAR HAS REGAINED THE TARDIS--- LEAVING SILLARC OUTSIDE--
GOT TO GET BACK IN! I CAN'T LET HIM LEAVE ME BEHIND HERE!
WHILE WITHIN THE TARDIS---
CAN'T LOCK THE DOOR WHILE HE'S GOT THE KEY—AND THIS WON'T HOLD OUT FOR LONG!
ONLY ONE THING TO DO -- I'LL HAVE TO TRY AND GET THE TARDIS UNDER WAY BEFORE HE BREAKS IN!
AND---
IF THE DOOR WILL JUST HOLD FOR A FEW MORE SECONDS, I'LL BE SAFELY AWAY---
IF IT DOESN'T, I'LL BE DEAD...
WHILE, OUTSIDE---
NO! HE'S STARTING TO DEMATERIALISE! GOT TO MAKE ONE LAST EFFORT!
AND, AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT--
BY THE..! HE'S BROKEN IN!!
THEN THE DAMAGED TARDIS, ABLE TO TRAVEL BACK AND FORTH IN TIME, BUT NOT IN SPACE, HURTLES AWAY FROM THE DISTANT PAST---

SCRIPT: MOORE/ART: DILLON.

TOWARDS PLUTAR'S OWN TIME -- WHICH MAY BE ALL TOO SHORT---
YOU'VE GIVEN ME ENOUGH TROUBLE, GALLIFREYAN WRETCH! BUT NOT ANY MORE!
BUT THEN---
WHAT IN..?
WE'VE ARRIVED -- TO A ROUGH LANDING!
SO NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT---
WHAT THE--? WE'VE LANDED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF SILLARC'S SPACE-CIRCUS!
OF COURSE! THOSE FIGHTING GARGANTOSAURS MOVED THE TARDIS-- AND WE'VE COME BACK HERE, INSTEAD OF INTO THE REPAIR ROOM!
AN EVENT WHICH CAUSES SOME PUZZLEMENT AMONGST THE CROWD--
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON? IS THIS PART OF THE CIRCUS?
NO--- IT'S PLUTAR! AND THAT'S MY TARDIS HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FIXING!
LORD KAIREL! THE ALIEN'S TRYING TO STEAL YOUR TARDIS! GET SOME SOLDIERS --- SHOOT HIM!
B-BUT--- YOU KNOW WE TIME-LORDS CAN'T INTERFERE WITH OTHER RACES --
WE'RE NOT INTERFERING WITH HIM... HE'S INTERFERING WITH US! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
WELL -- I -- I Y-YOU'D BETTER DO AS HE SAYS -- I THINK!

BLAST! NO TIME TO GO AFTER HIM AND GET THAT MISSING RELATIVITY DIFFERENTIATOR NOW!
IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THEY REALISE THIS WHOLE CIRCUS IS ONLY A HYPNOTIC IMAGE!
AND, BEFORE ANYONE CAN STOP HIM---
HE'S DEMATERIALISED! AND WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT TIME HE'S GONE TO! THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN GET HIM!
HE'S BEATEN US!
YOU GIVE IN TOO EASILY, LORD KAIREL! I'VE GOT AN IDEA WE CAN STILL GET YOUR TARDIS BACK---
MEANWHILE, LONG CENTURIES IN THE PAST---
WITHOUT THAT DIFFERENTIATOR I CAN'T MAKE THE TARDIS TRAVEL -- BUT IF I CAN CUT SOME ROLLERS AND MOVE IT---
---TO A POSITION WHERE MY SHIP IS STANDING -- I CAN TRAVEL BACK IN TIME, MATERIALISE INSIDE MY OWN SHIP-- AND ESCAPE WITH THE TARDIS---
AND, FINALLY, THE TASK IS COMPLETED---
BUT I'LL FOOL THEM--- I'LL ARRIVE A FEW MINUTES BEFORE I LEFT... AND MAKE MY GETAWAY BEFORE THEY KNOW ANYTHING'S WRONG!
BUT EVEN THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF MEN AND LIZARDS SOMETIMES GO ASTRAY---
WHAT? SOLDIERS WAITING FOR ME! BUT--- HOW?

IT'S ALL OVER, SILLARC! LET'S HAVE THAT BLASTER!
AND SO---
THERE'S ONE THING YOU FORGOT, SILLARC! YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH A TARDIS--- AND OURS WORK PROPERLY, TOO!
SO WE CAME BACK EVEN EARLIER---TO THE TIME JUST AFTER YOUR CIRCUS STARTED---AND WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO SHOW UP EVER SINCE!
AND, AS SILLARC IS LED AWAY---
HE ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT! WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO HIM NOW?
EXILE, I EXPECT-- WITH A POST-HYPNOTIC COMMAND MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO RETURN TO GALLIFREY---
THEN---
YOU HANDLED THAT QUITE WELL, PLUTAR-- FOR A HUMBLE MECHANIC! YOU SHOWED GREAT INITIATIVE!
HAVING TOO MUCH INITIATIVE WAS ONE OF THE REASONS THEY FAILED ME AT THE ACADEMY---
WELL, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD REAPPLY TO THE ACADEMY--- GET A NEW ASSESSMENT--
YOU MIGHT MAKE RATHER A GOOD TIME-LORD AFTER ALL--
WHAT'S THAT? DID PLUTAR BECOME A TIME-LORD? HMM-- ACTUALLY, THE REST OF HIS LIFE-STORY'S ON ANOTHER TAPE, AND--ER-- I CAN'T QUITE SEEM TO FIND IT AT THE MOMENT---YOU KNOW HOW IT IS---
AH, WELL--- PERHAPS ANOTHER STORY FOR ANOTHER DAY---
NEXT WEEK: A NEW SOLO ADVENTURE, WITH K-9!

HAVE A HAPPY CHRISTMAS...

WITH MARVEL'S WINTER SPECIALS!

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PARODIES...
HOWARD THE DUCK
THE WALTONS
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA
FANTASY ISLAND
SILVER SURFER
FRANTIC
WINTER SPECIAL 40p
52 AVERAGE SIZE PAGES
SUPERH
FUN and GAMES
A MARVEL WINTER SPECIAL
IDENTIFY THESE TEN MARVEL SUPERHEROES PLUS OUR MYSTERY SILHOUETTE AND FIND THEIR NAMES HIDDEN BELOW!
PUZZLES! CROSSWORDS! MAZES! LETTER-HUNTS! PLUS SPECIAL SUPERHERO FEATURES!
INCLUDING BATTLESTAR GALACTICA
STAR HEROES
40p
A MARVEL COMICS WINTER
Stan Lee presents
SPIDER-MAN
WINTER SPECIAL
52 ACTION PACKED PAGES!
40p

SPIDER~MAN

You raved over the **Spidey Summer Special**. . . but just wait till you see what we've cooked up this winter for old web-head A fantastic 33 page epic tale of the Watcher, who shows us 3 alternative worlds — where someone else became Spider-Man! And just look who the 3 were who took the radioactive spider bite. . . JJJ's son John Jameson, Betty Brant and Flash Thompson! Also inside: A look back at Britain's Spidey comic over the last 6 years — its stars and its changes, how Stan & Johnny Romita produce the Spidey Newspaper Strip, how Stan and Steve Ditko created Spider-Man, plans of Peter Parker's pad, his office and university grounds, plus more, more more!!

52 huge pages! Only 40p!

FRANTIC

You pleaded for more. . . you begged for more! You must be mad, or crazy, or even — — FRANTIC! Yes, we've dished up a second helping of Marvel's madcap mag of hectic humour. This time around featuring our look at: Battlestar Galactica, The Silver Surfer, Fantasy Island, The Waltons, Santa Claus, plus the inimitable HOWARD THE DUCK!

52 average size pages! A steal at 40p!

STAR HEROES

When we had to pull The Micronauts out of **Star Wars Weekly** there was such a hue and cry, we started coming into the office in disguise. . . in fear of our lives! Well, they're back! In the pages of our latest 'pilot' project, **Star Heroes.** And just look at the company they're keeping. . . none other than the heroes and villains of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA! What more could any science-fiction loving Marvelite ask for?

52 spaced-out pages Only 40p!

SUPERHERO FUN AND GAMES

Everyone seems puzzle-crazy these days! But rather than mix puzzles in with our regular mags, we've put together a whole cover to cover package of them! And, better yet, they're all based around your fun-loving favourite Marvel superheroes! Test your knowledge of the mighty Marvel universe of characters as you try to beat Howard the Duck, Spidey, Iron Man, Ms Marvel, Iron Fist, Ka-Zar, and everyone! Plus special feature pages on how to draw Hulk, Spidey and a brand new character is introduced . . . PUZZLEMASTER!

36 befuddling pages Only 25p!

. . . GRAB THEM WHILE THEY'RE AROUND, TIGERS!

THEY'RE ALL ON SALE NOW! DON'T MISS 'EM!

THE THREE DOCTORS *A STAR PIN-UP FROM* DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY